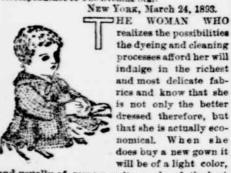
Garbs in Which Little Ones May Vie With the Flowers.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MAMMAS.

ome Ways of Utilizing Old Materials-Dresses for Little Girls-Garments for Playtime and for Ceremony—Costumes for Little

Correspondence of The Evening Star.



and usually of some novelty goods of the best quality. She will always have a resourceful wardrobe, and will have plenty of solid color in light and dark dresses. She will never be at a loss for a gown, and will always have yards and ards of soft crepe stuffs for raping. The things that she has on hand always match or harmonize with other things. Each neat little bundle ells just the possibilities of the stuff inside, and that it "goes with" such and such another

off. She never has a thing cleaned the color which is not available with something ready on hand. The unavailable odd bits and yards go into the "black bag," and when here is enough for the gown or cloak or both she happens to want away it is all sent to the dyers and comes out black, with feathers and ribbon enough, and even stockings and gloves, to make one of her lovely black "confections." Light undress leather shoes that have served

their summer or evening use go into the black bag and in course of time come out black. And this woman smiles when she is called extravagant for having such fine shoes and so many of them. As a matter of fact, she aimost as seldom buys a new pair as she throws an old our away. This woman never runs to cheap one away. This woman never runs to cheap passementeries and embroidery. Now and then she appears with a piece of really beautiful embroiders or genuine metal bead work. Well, tuff won't, and it isn't so very expensive when you consider perhaps that it costs a few cents a yard and is the only expense for her "new dress," except the making. All the rest came out of that trunk that is still left full of bundles and boxes, each labeled and full of possibilities.



COMPORTABLE AND PRETTY. This same woman keeps a book. She has so many different things of various lengths, colors and materials that she might forget her own resources. The book is full of plans for costumes. For instance, she writes: Empire gown, yellow foundation skirt, pale yellow and rose pink striped crepe over, bolero jacket of strawberry velvet, lined with cresm silk, bertha ash trees, the handsomest of all the trees in this valley, renewed their leaves. The winter, if of cream crepe and sleeves of same caught up

be gotten for that dress and the combination was a new one, the different materials coming from as many previous uses.

Another time-worn expedient for utilizing old materials which are worn or soiled in parts old materials which are worn or soiled in parts.

We have had hardly any snow on the smaller making up the frame of this incomis to make them over for children's garments. Some of my readers may infer from these illustrations that I am leading up to that method. but the garments are described so that each as generally for a week or two in January the can be made at home, and the maker can suit lower hills will get a capping of snow, which ther own taste and purse with most of them in the source of her materials. The pretty crocheted jacket which the babe of the initial wears is made of white zephyr wool and trimmed with a pink border. The jacket is begun at the bottom of the back, above the quired length, and then chocheted back and forth, one single crochet and one loop. The her own taste and purse with most of them in forth, one single crochet and one loop. The single chochets are put in every second foundation loop, then in every loop. At the top each part is crocheted alone, but attention must be paid to the pointed opening. When the fronts are finished about eight rows are crocheted to the boats in the south is the songs of the men the neck, which forms the foundation for the as they work. A long skidway or slide is arsailer collar. In every loop must be put two ranged from the top of the bank to the boat, single crochets, and this must be continued to and the barrels or hogsheads are thus slid on the outer edge of the collar, which is crocheted



From there the fronts and back are continued in addition to the collar. The border is composed of five rows of pink and six of white zephyr. Careful attention must be given to the corners where the stitches are gained. When the back and fronts are done they are

When the back and fronts are done they are joined, commencing four inches from the bottom, but sufficient space should be left for the sleeve. The latter is crocheted around and around into this opening, and the border is the same as that on the jacket. The last row of the white is made of picots and the same edge is put all around the jacket. It is tied with a string and tassels of pink zephyr. The string is made of chain stitches and is twelve and a half inches in length. Alf inches in length.

A dress for a little girl of four or five, having

a blouse, at once easy to make and comfortable for the wearer, is to be seen in the next sketch. It is of tartan cloth, in red and blue, with strawcolored stripes. The blouse is red cloth em-broidered with straw-colored twist. It is par-

Sailor suits are so often selected for small boys that there is little of novelty in them, but they always have a dressy look, while appear-ing as they are, entirely serviceable.

It must be this fact that leads so many

mothers who would almost faint at the thought of having their sons upon the water to make imitation Jack Tars of the dear little fellows. The blouse of the one shown has seams only and gathered at the wrist with an elastic. As will be seen from the illustration the blouse has a slit below the collar, which is buttoned invisibly and prevents its being torn in putting on. The collar is loose and can be buttoned to on. The collar is loose and can be buttoned to the neck band. The plastron is loose also and fastens to the blouse with tiny buttons under-neath the collar. This arrangement affords a

CHILDREN AND SPRING chance to have a variety of collars and plastrons. The trousers are trimmed with gold buttons.



DRESSILY GARRED FOR PLAY. dressed therefore, but that she is actually economical. When she woolen stuff would be a good material for it, does buy a new gown it will be of a light color, welty goods of the best little more elaborate, but not much more difficult to make. It would be equally as pretty if velvet took the place of the plaid in the yoke and steeves, but the velvet should be black or several shades darker than the woolen goods.

The length of her skirt is ever to be the dear little maid's woe. The tot of today is as particu-lar that her Greenaway shall sweep the ground as the child a little older is that her skirts shall be well above her ankles. A little later she will want them longer again, then she will begin to plan misery for herself and want long dresses, and when she gets them and has to stay in them she will be seech the powers of fashion to relieve her from her thraidom. But what does the tot know about that? For the little maid of New York years ago. A report was spread who rebels against a Grenaway a dear little cloak is made for just this season. The broadwaisted bodice fits smoothly and is a little short-



A CHILD'S SPRING COAT. The skirt of the cloak falls from it to just below the knees. The sleeves are full and loose and end at the wrist in a round cuff. Any soft

cashmere in bright red or clear green is the proper goods. The bodice is embroidered stiff with close black braiding. The skirt and sleeves are accordion pleated, and the cuffs are braided to match the bodice. The latter is lined with a bright contrasting silk if green has been chosen for the coat, or with black if red is the color. With the closk the dearest little bonnet, just like the old-fashioned pictures, can be worn; one that fits close about the face and that has a couple of quaint bows at the top and that has a couple of quaint bows at the top and the bottom in the back, to say nothing of the one under the chin. The bonnet should match the color of the cloak. The little feet should have solid and low-heeled shoes, and the stockings must, of course, be black and warm that the ankles may not be cold.

mountains making up the frame of this incom-parable valley of Mexico, and this is unusual,

The Roustsbout's Cries.

A pleasant feature of the sugar business of board. The man at the top will sing, as each barrel is started on its way, a sort of notifica-

board. The man at the top will sing, as each barrel is started on its way, a sort of notification to "look out below," and the men on the boat will answer in a way that means "Let her come." The most striking words I caught were: "Barl, barl, here goes barl, "Here goes barl, "Here goes barl, all full sugar," "Tell de troof, black man, tell de troof down dar." "I'll ax my wife if she'll go to town Sunday," "Sugar, sugar, dey ain't nuffin' like sugar." "When a mule kick yer, hit 'im in de eye," "Never steal sugar, go an' ax de boss," and perhaps twenty other impromptu phrases, many of which I could not catch.

When some of the plantation hands can be spared they will ship for a trip of three or four days. If the man be married the leave taking is sometimes pathetic, yet ludicrous, and if he returns all right he is as much an oracle to some of the plantation darkies as is a man who has been around the world. On a recent trip the boat was ready to back out from a plantation landing and seven colored girls and women stood in a row waving their adieus to those on board. One of the roustabouts started at the end of that row and kissed every one of those discover the white gar. board. One of the roustabouts started at the women. The mate called out to him to hurry up. When he got aboard the mate said. "Why didn't you hurry?" He replied: "It women. The trick is said to have been highly successful. Cabs were rattling about Tower Hill all that Sunday morning, vainly endeavoring to discover the white gate.

Considering how the 1st of April is associated in the minds of the people with the minds of the m up. When he got aboard the mate said. "Why didn't you hurry?" He replied: "I did hurry up as fas' as I could. I couldn't kiss 'em all ter



Princess calling dress of satin, ope

APRIL FOOL'S DAY.

The Practice of Playing Jokes is Almost Universal.



PRIL 1 IS THE DAY
when a big part of the
world makes a monkey

Toreen, a Swede of the eighteenth century,
shows that April 1 was known as All Fools' day
in his land by writing that "We set sail April 1,
but the wind made April fools of us and we

inquires of a young lady "why her bangs won't stay bung," only to chuckle "April fool" at her when her hand flies up to her head.

From time immemorial April 1 has been consecrated to foolishness. Accounts differ as to the origin of the anniversary. All sorts of theories have been advanced, but no two agree. Each race has its own explanation for the queer customs practiced on this date.
In this country the day has been made memora-

ble by some extensive hoaxes. One of the most celebrated was that perpetrated on the people of New York years ago. A report was spread that the lions, tigers and other wild animals had escaped from their cages in Central Park and were wading in human gore through the streets of the city. The population nearly dropped dead with fright, and for hours the spectacie of pale-faced New Yorkers peering anxiously around street corners in fear of beholding prowling beasts was quite common until the discovery was made that it was all an til the discovery was made that it was all an In Boston a report was once circulated on

April 1 that vile hoodlums had defaced the Coggswell fountain on the Common with sevcoggswell fountain on the Common with several yards of green paint. Curious Bostonians flocked by the thousand to the spot, expecting to behold a scene of desecration. All they saw was a fountain, without a sign of green paint. The only green in sight was themselves.

P. T. Barnum, whose name is indelibly associated with shows, once took advantage of the anniversary of April 1 in his own peculiar way. He announced on his circus posters in faming. He announced on his circus posters in flaming letters, red as a Hoboken sunset, that "the greatest show on earth would exhibit in the afternoon of that day a special and extraordinary feature, a wonderful freak of nature—a miraculous horse with his head where his tail ought to be." The public swallowed it; people fell over each other to get into the tents to the most marvelous animal on the face of the earth; and they saw it—simply a common, everyday horse backed into his stall, with his head where his thil ought to be.

A JOKE ON BARNUM While the late showman succeeded in humbugging the public in this way he was also trapped himself by an April fool joker. It was during his initial days in menaging a circus, when he was showing in a country town, that, unknown to him, a commercial traveler stopped in the same place and conceived the idea of on the same place and conceived the idea of commemorating the day, which was April 1, by fooling Barnum. Collecting a crow of twenty people, the drummer told them that he was going to pass them into the show free, and that all they need do was to follow him, which they gleefully did. Arriving at the tent, where Barnum was busy taking tickets, the drummer rushed up to him with a handful of cards and said:

said:
"Just count these men as they pass in, ending with the one in the straw hat."

strawberry velvet, lined with cresm silk, bertna of cream crepe and sleeves of same caught up with yellow and rose pink narrow ribbon to match stripes. The ribbon was all that had to be gotten for that dress and the combination was a new one, the different materials coming pleasant, with not a single day when out-of-door life would be unpleasant. I recall that some one kicks it are all well known. The man who gathers crowds in the street to gaze up at nothing at all in the blue empyrean is an old timer.

Different from these April Fool joke, is the story which comes from the west of the joker in the mines. With the annual recurrence of All Fools' day, this joker was sure to play some

the ante-mortem statement, suspicious that the ruling passion was strong even in death, and that the joker had desired to fool them once more. But upon digging for the hidden treasure they were astonished to find the \$2,000 in gold, just as the deceased had told them. The next thing was to find the widow. They made inquiries everywhere in Ohio, and at last discovered the truth that the deceased had no widow, and that, while he had resisted the temptation to fool his friends long enough to inform them of his buried gold, he had re-pented in the end and fooled them again.

that Sunday morning, vainly endeavoring to discover the white gate.

Considering how the 1st of April is associated in the minds of the people with trickery and deception it is strange that Johnny Bull allowed himself to be gulled by such a trick. As a matter of fact the tradition of All Fools' day has gained such headway that if one were about to be married or to engage in some speculation on that day he would find many who would doubt his sincerity and accuse him of April fooling. On the other hand, persons have sought to conceal their real motives in performing certain acts on April 1 by taking refuge behind the pretext that it was All Fools' day. A French lady, charged with stealing a watch, broke into hysterical laughter, and, calling the attention of the court to the fact that the alleged theft occurred on April 1, declared that it was a "poisson d'Avril," or April fool joke, whereat the judge showed himself to be a good deal of an April fool joker by dryly sentencing her to imprisemment till the next April 1, adding: "When you will be released like a 'poisson d'Avril."

"When you will be released like a 'poisson d'Avril."

The world seems destined to remain in the dark as to the origin of April fooling. Extensive research through ancient and modern literature reveals many allusions to the custom, but no definite information as to the source of the peculiar anniversary or the length of time it has been in existence. Dr. Pegges advances a plausible theory in his explanation that the old Roman new year festival, when the year began March 25, lasted eight days, and that the last day, April 1, was given over to wild revelry. But this idea is rather unsatisfactory.

It is important to note that the Hindoos have in their hull, which terminates about April 1, a peculiarly similar festival, during which they dispatch people on foolish errands with messages to fictitious persons. The fact that April fooling persails all over the globe, and on practically the same day, indicates that the anniversary has had an early origin among mankind. Swift, in his letters to Stella, writes March 31, 1713, about the arrangements that he and his friends, Dr. Arbuthnot and Lady Masham, had made for the circulation of 'm lie for the morrow,' whereby everybody was to be begulied into believing that one Noble, hanged a few days before, had come to life again and was in days before, had come to life again and was in soon have a leg off unless cracked on the pate.

the hands of the sheriff, who was in a quandary as to what his duty required of him in the case.

In the "Vicar of Wakefield" Dr. Goldsmith says that "The rustics showed their wit on the first of April."

A NOTED PRACTICE IN FRANCE. April fooling is a noted practice in France, and there are traces of its prevalence there at an earlier period than in England. For in-PEOPLE IN EVERY COUNTRY

an earlier period than in England. For instance, it is related that Francis, Duke of Lorraine, and his wife, being in captivity in Nantes, effected their escape on April 1. Disguising themselves as peasants, he with a hod on his shoulder and she with a basket, they stole through the gates of the city in the early morning hours, but a woman recognized them and hurried to the guards to give the alarm. The sentry only laughed at her and accused her of April fooling. Later the mistake was discovered, but it was then too late, as the fugitives were well on their way. well on their way.

Toreen, a Swede of the eighteenth century,

world makes a monkey of the other part, when trousers are sewed up before breakfast, when doughnuts are stuffed with cotton and when coffee is salted; the day when the knowing boy dispatches a younger brother to see a public statue descend from its pedestal at an appointed hour, and when the funny acquaintance inquires of a young lady "why her bangs won't

There is a tradition among the Hebrews that the custom of making fools on the 1st of April

arose from the fact that Noah sent out the dove on the first day of the month corresponding to our April before the water had abated. To perpetuate the memory of the great deliverance of Noah and his family it was customary on this anniversary to punish persons who had forgotten the remarkable circumstance con-nected with the date by sending them on some bootless errand similar to that on which the patriarch sent the luckless bird from the windows of the ark. Away back in the thirteenth century, it is

claimed, the wise tools of Gotham manifested themselves on the 1st of April, and proof is exhibited today in the form of a bush, known as "cuckoo bush," situated on an eminence about a mile south of Gotham, in Nottinghamshire, England. The legend is that when King John was about to pass through Gotham meadow the villagers heard of it, and feared that the royal cavalcade would trample down their gardens and make a public road of their meadow. So they sought to prevent the passage. When a messenger from the king was sent on ahead he discovered the whole village trying to drown eels, rolling cheese down hill, fencing in a bush on which a cuckoo perched, dragging carts to the top of a hill to protect the valley woods from the sun's rays, and, in short, doing other idiotic things that convinced the kings officer that they were a village of fools and consequently unworthy of his majesty's notice—hence "the wise fools of A skeptical poet, however, writes of the cir-

> Tell me no more of Gotham fools, Or of their eets in little pools, Which they, we're told, were drowning; Nor of their carts drawn up on high While King John's men were standing by To keep a wood from prowning. Nor of their cheese shoved down the hill, Nor of the cuckoo sitting still. Nor of the cuckoo sitting still.
> While it they hedred around;
> Such tales of them have long been told
> By prating boobies, young and old,
> In drunken circles crowned.

The fools are those who thither go.
To see the cuckoo bush. I trow.
The woods, the barn and pools:
For such are seen both here and there,
And passed by witcout a sneer.
By all but arrant fools!

MAKING WILLS IN CHINA.

The Perak government gazette publishes

Property Must Be Left in Accordance With the Dictates of Natural Affection. from the Chicago Herald.

memorandum by Mr. Watters, British consul at Canton, from which it appears that the Chinese statute book does not take any notice of wills. There is no law as to the formalities either oral or written. For the former a man tent and accepted the situation with philosophi- has only to state in the presence of a witness how his property is to be dealt with after his death. A written will may have witnesses, but their presence is not necessary. As a matter of fact the testator generally writes out his will privately and then intrusts it to his wife or hidse it was a consequence.

hides it away in some safe place.

As a rule the contents of the will are not As a rule the contents of the known to more than one or two until after the testator's death. In theory a man in China development the sprightly matron—second floor, bay-winter the sprightly matron—second f is shown. The most common reason given is unfitial conduct. But as to this the unsup-ported statement of the father or even of both parents is not proof. If, however, a brother of the mother testifies to the unfilial conduct of a son or sons the testator's action in disinher-

iting them is sanctioned.

A man may also name in his will the male relative who is to represent him at the ancestral worship and other great family affairs. This is a very important power, the representative generally gets a double share of the inheritance generally gets a double share or the innerhance and has very great influence in family matters. If a man has no sons he must appoint as his representative a son of a brother, and, if there are no nephews, then some more remote de-scendant of the ancestor. If there is no one of the family he may elect a stranger, one with a different surname. If this person is properly adopted into the family he shares the property with the others, and he must dispose of it ac-cording to the father's or testator's expressed

Chinese wills do not know anything of executors or administrators. If there are several sons, each with certain funds, or shares, or lands assigned to him, a copy of the will is made for each if desired. But the original, which is retained by the legal representative, is often sufficient. He, with the assistance of senior relatives and the elders of the district, carrier out the provisions of the well.



HANDS AS A HOBBY

How a Woman Can Make and Keep Them Beautiful.

A BOARDING HOUSE TALK.

Woman Kept Her Hands Soft and Lovely-How to Cleanse Them Properly and to Give the Nails Good Form and Color.



the second floor front. "Her father was in pork, her grandfather a butcher and her great grandmy biting them so severely. I almost despaired
my biting them so severely. I almost despaired father assistant to the beadsman of a king. A pedigree printed in blood," but Mrs. Hautton's ears did not catch the whisper.

"Every woman has some hobby, I think."
It was Lady Gray who spoke, dropping the lace she was knitting and removing her glasses are she was knitting and removing her glasses to rest her fine dark eyes. At sixty they were as brilliant as those of most women at half her years. She was called Lady Gray because the name seemed to suit her. She had soft silvery hair and was always robed in shimmery doves and grays or ivory whites, with a bit of rare lace at the throat and a fall of it bit of rare lace at the throat and a fall of it about her plump white hands. She and the children at the aristocratic caravansary on the "Circle" were great chums, and in lieu of her rather complicated name of four syllables the children called her "The Lady in Gray;" the pruning process was natural. MANY KINDS OF HOBBIES. "Now I have an old friend whose taste runs

o cats. Her house is a menagerie of maltese,

angora and tortoise shells, while the common variety swarms from basement to attic. Being childless it is nice that she can devote herself to pets, but it seems almost a waste of human affection," said Lady Gray in gentle musing. Whatever she did was gently done. "If Ann should ever take it into her head to write her memoirs her chapter on 'Cats I Have Owned would be read with interest. I'd call it her would be read with interest. I'd call it her catograph album, for each cat has a history. There is one black one that a prisoner whom she had befriended at Blackwell's Island gave to her. Then when her husband was a revenue collector he brought her a tortoise shell cat, whose tail was shot off in a moonshiner's raid in the mountains of Tennessee. A snow-white tabby an army officer Rosa Bonheur. Ann takes great comfort with her cats, but I don't care much for them; they are so trencherous.
"I have another friend who has a lovely

hobby, only that the pursuit of it often makes her unhappy because she caunot find new worlds to conquer. Her craze is orchids. She spends fabulous sums on new varieties and is quite miserable when she fails to obtain new one, or when there is not a new one to obtain. On the whole, pernaps cats are more comfortable, because the supply is always equal to the demand," and Lady Gray took up

er knitting again.
"Sister Janet's mania is for sleeves," observed the first floor front. "She drives her dressmaker distracted with her peculiar notions about styles in sleeves. Some women have two or three bodices with which to freshen up a rips out one set and tries another.

"Dear me, what a waste of time," sighed Lady Gray. "And your sister is so capable too. Now if her misapplied energy were only centered on some charitable work what a grand mission she would make it."

SHE CONFESSED HER HOBBY.

women with hobbies, because I have one my-self. Gloves! I adore a pretty glove. All my pin money is spent for gloves. I want the best makes and the newest shades. A soiled glove makes me miserable and a rip causes me down-

makes me miserable and a rip causes me downright unhappiness."
Lady Gray laughed softly as the sprightly
matron paused to match shades in her embroidery silk. "Why, my dear," she said almost
gleefuily as she dropped the knitting again. "I
have a hobby and it is near akin to yours.
Hands!" and she crossed those members primly,
while her eyes twinkled merrily; every woman
in the perior—"marior and piano for use of the in the parlor—"parlor and piano for use of the guests of the house"—fastened her gaze on Lady Gray's pretty white hands with their pink burnished nails and almost babyish dimples. They had been the secret admiration of every-They had been the secret admiration of every-body in the house—"only people of genteel appearance and with references taken"—yet not one of them had ever guessed that the owner of those hands was proud of them.

"Lovely, like yourself," said the young lady boarder, who adored Lady Gray. "If I had hands like yours I'd have a hobby, too. See my claws!" and with a disdainful shrug she held up have own hands, a decided contrast to those

ciaws!" and with a disdainful shrug she held up her own hands, a decided contrast to those folded over the back in Lady Gray's Iap.
"Child, you make me vain," said Lady Gray with a pleased little laugh. Then, with sudden dignity, she remarked: "I know that my hands are pretty and worth looking at, and why should I deny myself the pleasure of as-suring myself of that fact whenever I wish? I am an old woman, past sixty are traced. senior relatives and the elders of the district, carries out the provisions of the will. In the interpretation of a will and in the carrying out of the arrangements, when there is any doubt or difficulty, it is the universal custom to consult with the elders of the place. The final appeal, however, is to the local authority. The mandarin, as a rule, gives force to the desires of the testator and orders the will to be obeyed, unless there is something in its provisions contrary to law or good mo. als.

dignity, she remarked: "I know that my hands are pretty and worth looking at, and why should I deny myself the pleasure of assuring myself of that fact whenever I wish? I am an old woman, past sixty, yet you would give your new diamond earrings to have hands like mine and to know that they would always remain so. I know it is not false pride that makes me admire my own hands, because I am always wishing that other women knew my secret. And whenever I see a girl biting her nails or a dainty glove pulled off a hand that looks to have had only a chance acquaintance with soap and water I always want hand that looks to have had only a chance ac-quaintance with soap and water I always want to say to those persons, 'If you will let me I will tell you how to make your hands as soft and white as a child's.' Now, if it was base born or selfish pride I would want to keep my secret to myself, wouldn't I?" and Lady Gray looked around a little wistfully, as though she feared that some of them misunderstood her

"As though your ladyship would have any but heaven-born thoughts," said the impulsive young lady boarder. "And will you really tell "That you bite your nails?" interrupted Lady Gray archly.
"When I forget myself—"

"And are not very careful to use your nail brush every morning?"
"N-o-o, but then—" "N-o-o, but then—"
"That you have spasmodic spells of trying to
nanicure your own nails?"

"Yes, but, you see—"
"That you don't know anything about it, so ake them worse," continued Lady Gray merci-

A LECTURE ON HAND CULTURE.

"Now you were complaining of your hands, little girl," turning to the young lady boarder. "They chap easily, I think, because you have skin much like mine. I presume that after every afternoon of calling or driving, when the raw air has pierced through your thin gloves, you have rushed off and bought the last new thing advertised as "an absolute cure for chapped hands," and rubbed it persistently into your skin regardless of its adaptability for your use. The very worst thing you could possibly do.

"You see my fingers are plump and inclined to shortness. I nearly ruined them when a girl by biting my nails. My mother never told me, and I never realized what a disagreeable habit it was nor how really unsightly nail-bitten hands were until I was about sixteen. My sisters gave a lawn fete and there was music. I was a fair performer on the harp, and was permitted to play one selection. Afterward while half-hidden in the vines on the veranda

HEY WERE DISCUSSing "hobbies," and Mrs. Hautton said she had none unless pride in her pedigree might be considered one. Indeed she thought that if that were to be denominated a hobby it was quite a laudable one, so she made bold to say that "one must be very common indeed not to be proud of one's blood."

"Letting," murmured the spiteful boarder to the second floor front. "Her father was in pork, while half-hidden in the vines on the verands. I heard two gentlemen discussing the merits of my performance. They pronounced it very creditable, but one, who seems to have been quite close to me, said that to him the beauty was marred by my unsightly fingers. 'No woman,' he said, 'should play piano, harp or guitar who has not at least a well-groomed hand, which, by the way, is the first characteristic of a lady. I would break an engagement with a girl who bites her finger nails."

"I was young and impressionable, and the remarks of those gentlemen sank deep in my heart. There were no manicurists then, and I didn't know how to go at it to remedy the evil, but remedied it must be. I would not suffer such mortification again for anything. I thought. I confided my woes to a maiden lady who had been my mother confessor for years, and she taught me what I should have learned when a child, how to care for my nails. It was over a year before they got a healthy tone after which haden in the vines on the verands. I heard two gentlemen discussing the merits of my performance. They pronounced it very creditable, but one, who seems to have been quite close to me, said that to him the beauty was marred by my unsightly fingers. 'No woman,' he said, 'should play piano, harp or guitar who has not at least a well-groomed hand, which, by the way, is the first characteristic of a lady. I would break an engagement with a girl who bites her finger nails.'

"I was young and impressionable, and the remarks of those gentlemen sank deep in my heart. There were no manicurists then, and I didn't know how to go at it to remedy the evil, but remed my biting them so severely. I almost despaired of ever getting them to look like anything, but I persevered and—that is the result." So saying she held up her hands. "Has the end justified the labors?" she asked, quizzically. "But the modus operandi, Lady Gray," cried the first-floor front. "We have been waiting for that. I confess my hands are in a deplorable condition two thirds of the time. I'm able condition two-thirds of the time. I'm dying to know how to improve them without

employing a maid."
"Well, in the first place, you must wash them perfectly clean." "Lady Gray!!!!!!" Six exclamation marks with the acute rising inflection on one "Lady Gray" exactly measured the surprise of the half dozen women who were "stopping" at the

carevansary on "the circle."
"There!" she said, with a little shrug of her shoulders. "I knew you would get incensed, but you would be informed. Now, I really know what I am talking about. The sole reason why some women always have chapped or rough hands is because they don't know how to wash them. Hot water will ruin the prettiest hand in the world, and cold water! Well, if you want your hands to resemble nutmeg graters just dabble them a dozen times a day in cold hard water, using cheap toilet soap. Cheap soap is also responsible for many ruined hands. HOW TO WASH HANDS PROPERLY.

"The way to wash hands properly is this: Tepid water, soft if possible; if not, add a little borax; pure unscented soap and a large soft nail brush. The nail brush need not be used as a skin scraper, but it should be plied vigorously. Before drying dash a little clear water over them and wipe perfectly dry. If my advice in this respect is followed, as well as that I am going to give about care of the rails, any one of you can in a month's time have hands brought her from Pine Ridge agency, and a swhite, or if not as white—you know there is big gray mouser she has is reputed to be a great grandson of one of the cats owned by nice finger nails as I have. a difference in skin—as smooth and just as nice finger nails as I have,

"Take tepid warm water, well scaped, and scoak the tips of the fingers of one hand for two or three moments. Then take your nail file, and, while the water still clings to the nails, gently press back the skin around the roots. The fingers must always be wet to do this

The fingers must always be wet to do this properly, for the skin is very tender, and when broken forms ugly "hang nails," and it breaks itself in the course of nature, if it is not pressed back, because the nail grows and cracks it. The fingers must be dipped in the scapy water two or three times before the one hand is finished, for unless the skin is bent damp, the work cannot be well done. hand is finished, for unless the skin is kept damp the work cannot be well done. Then file the edge of the neil almost to the quick, rounding the corners slightly. When the nail gets healthy do not file so close. I use vaseline for the next process. Some people use a salve called 'cherry lip,' but I think it unchanges her mind as to the suitability of skin at the edges. After treating each hand in her sleaves and we have to wait till her maid this manner get some clear tepid water, some rips out one set and tries another. your hands as though they had not been washed at all, rinse and dry thoroughly, and you will be amazed at the result. You who bite nails will be surprised to find that when you get the rough edges filed down and the skin loose from the nail you will never think of biting them. Those whose nails have never been treated should go through this process twice a week for a month, after that once a week will be sufficient by giving a little rub with the polisher each morning. My advice to those who can afford it is to go to a manicure two or three times and watch the process closely. One thing a manicure does that is not at all necessary after your nails become healthy is to cut the cuticle. It is absolutely useless for an amateur to try to do she belongs to half a dozen societies, runs her that. The realishing powder will not try to do she belongs to half a dozen societies, runs her

gerous.

"I know that these directions sound very simple, but I know, too, that they are sure. You have seen my hands and they speak for themselves. Yet I have done a great deal of hard work as any woman must who rears five children without servents.

days after the arrival of the steamer in Bombay pursy was missed and though she was searched for high and low she was nowhere to be found. Her owner had quite given her up for lost, when he received intelligence from England that the cat had made her appearance at her old Liverpool home on October 25, as calm and collected as though a trup to India and back was quite in the ordinary course of her life. The facts are vouched for by a Bombay paper and there is no reason to doubt their substantial accuracy, but it is not made clear whether the cat the not stowed away in the steamer in which she went out to India and corried back in the ordinary course.

THE MODERN MOTHER.

She is the Best and Dearest Thing on Earth.

VARIED ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

She Aids the Boys in Their Lessons, Syn thizes With Them in Their Sorrows, Mingles in Their Sports and Makes Doll Dresses for



up the modern girl. Why does no one ever consider the modern mother? The faults of the modern child are dwelt upon unceasingly, the shortcomday is held up to all sorts of ridicule, and it is only to the mother of

nowadays that nobody pays any attention. Of course that in itself speaks well for her, because it is a sad fact that no good is said of any person or set of persons who attract public notice. A sorrowful comment in Reelf on the human nature of this fin de siecle.

However, the mothers of today being the best However, the mothers of today being the best mothers that ever were should not be relegated to obscurity. I have been observing them recently and I have come to the conclusion that if they don't wear halos it is only because that article is unobtainable. For a long-suffering, all-enduring, ever-cheerful mortal commend me to the average mother. There never has been anything like her; she is a product of the age. THE MOTHER OF THE GRACEHL

Of course we all know about that haughty

Roman matron who said "These are my jewels," but just imagine giving her a good hug, my! One would as soon think of wasting caresses on a statue of June. No doubt she was a very One would as soon think of wasting caresses on a statue of Juno. No doubt she was a very admirable person—we certainly have been told to respect her—but it rather seems to me that she must have bored her neighbors, particularly the ones who had youngsters of their own, going around and remarking, apropos of nothing in particular, "These are my jewels." I suppose she never said anything else, for no one ever heard of it if she did. Perhaps it seems a sacrilegious thing to say, but perhaps that was the only reasonably clever thing that she ever uttered. I think in history one hears a good deal more of the bad people than of the good ones; it is generally so, and possibly that is the reason that mothers play no very important part in the world's story. There was George Washington's mother, though, but oh, dear me! what a prig she must have been. Can any one hearing or reading of hear investment given me. I continued to improve, my the bad in the part of the despondent and year could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the reason. I did not suffer acute pain to the containt be could not understand the reason. I did not suffer could not understand the re ones; it is generally so, and possibly that is the reason that mothers play no very important part in the world's story. There was George Washington's mother, though, but oh, dear me! what a prig she must have been. Can any one

part in the world's story. There was George Washington's mother, though, but oh, dear me! what a prig she must have been. Can any one in the aring or reading of her imagine himself going up to her and telling her any oblidish secrets? No. indeed; she may have been stately and good, and that sort of thing, but she was much like a block of vanilla icceream, very sweet, very hard and very cold. Think of crying to her over a broken dolly! She would probably have said that a doll was nothing but china and could not feel. The idea! as though we didn't know that doll babies have feelings.

I said that no one ever mentions the mamma of today, but I am mistaken. They do sometimes, but always to point out her faults. The comic papers say all sorts of cutting things about her preference for pug dogs and her horror of babies, and how she has to be introduced to her little ones about twice a year. All very clever, but painfully untrue. There do exist isolated cases of the kind, but they are only the exceptions that prove the rule. The modern mamma, as I have found her, is a very superior person, but you would never suspect it unless you want her help in an algebraic "stickler," in cutting and fitting a gown, in making light desserts, roosting a turkey or sweeping a room. She is good at everything, can play tiddledywinks or read over a Greek lesson, cut out paper dolls or fit a family out in clothes. And, what is more, she is alsaid:

"Just count these men as they pass in, ending with the one in the straw hat."

"All right," and Barnum began: "Three, six. nine," and so on, while they passed by him and were quickly lost in the crowd. Soon the straw hat was reached. "Twenty," bawled Barnum, and turned round for the tickets, but the gentleman who had requested him to count was not there. Barnum saw that it was too late to search for the twenty who had faded inside the skirt to which a man halgebrate skirt, but fadificent search fine the pound fatting a salve called 'cherry lip,' but I think it un-seks the twenty. When the you get the you get the youn this touch and hatities of whith different sekstry. When you get the youn this titunt macked the sturk to the sturk to the sturk to the sturk the sturk to fatting a salve called 'cherry lip,' but I think it un-seks to untesting and thiting as twick to the self-by condition they you get cook mother was. It is the same way with everything; if mamma does it it is sure to be done well; everything is better fun if mamma is the moving spirit and no frolic is quite complete without her. She may be at times a grave individual who can talk percentages, stocks and mortgages with papa, or discuss the last political situation understandingly, but she is quite as good at telling fairy stories or at making over dolly's wardrobe. She knows just when top season comes and all about "alleys" and "playing for keeps;" the base ball slang is on her tongue's end, too. cook mother was. It is the same way with

> absolutely useless for an amateur to try to do that. The polishing powder will wear the cuticle off sufficiently. I know, for I never owned a pair of 'cuticle' scissors, and my hands have not been touched by a professional being always well and neatly attired. Her cuticle off sufficiently. I know, for I never owned a pair of 'cuticle' scissors, and my hands have not been touched by a professional in five years, yet you say my nails look like 'pink seasheils.' When there is no rough skin around your nails and you can define the half moon at the root you will know that you are succeeding.
>
> TO MAKE THE SKIN SMOOTH.
>
> "Now for rough hands. Some skins will stand much stronger remedies than others, but simple lotions are the safest and the best. Unwhat it is and coaches me upon it. I have just taken up Greek now and she is taking it up with me so as to help me along and make it indiluted glycerine is poison to most skins. Yet properly used it is the best toilet lotion there is. For my hands I use giveerine and bay rum in equal parts, or if any difference more bay rum. A few drops of camphor is a healing addition for some. The hands should be washed and rinsed just before retiring and dried slightly. While yet damp rub well with the lotion and the roughest hand will come out softened in the morning. I never wear gloves at night, because they make me feel uncomfortable, and I don't believe they make the hands any softer. If gloves are worn they should be light in color and two or three sizes larger than the hand. Tight gloves will make the hands red. They should be cleaned often, too.
>
> "I never use patent lotions of any kind and always advise against it, unless I know the ingredients. One should always use pure soap. White-castile is about the safest soap made. Cheap high-colored soaps are absolutely dangerous.
>
> "I know that these directions sound very whose eyes are so comforting when anything goes wrong? It is when we do not have them that we miss them, when we look back to them that we see their soft luster through the mist and gloom of time.

> MOTHERS OF LONG AGO. Now, it must be understood that I refer only children without servants. Of course in later to the modern mothers. I don't know much years I have been eating my white bread,' but about the ones of long ago except it seems to years I have been eating my 'white bread,' but my hands were just as soft and white when I did my own washing, baking and brewing. To sum it up in a few words, 'I have taken care of my hands.' I have never forgotten that 'a well groomed hand is one of the principal characteristics of a lady, and yet I know dozens of women who have maids to 'groom their heads' and attend to other accessories of the toilet who pay no other attention to their hands than to cover them with rings that make conspicious the ugly points of those ill-kept members."
>
> "How often do you use the lotion?" asked the well groomed hand is one of the principal characteristics of a lady, and yet I know dozens of women who have maids to 'groom their beads' and attend to other accessories of the toilet who pay no other attention to their hands than to cover them with rings that make conspicious the ugly points of those ill-kept members."
>
> "How often do you use the lotion?" asked the sprightly matron.
>
> "Every night of my life," was Lady Gray's reply, as she turned to her knitting again.
>
> "I'm going right down to the avenue for some 'hand tools' and begin the use of them this very night," said the young lady boarder.
>
> "That advice sounds sensible, and I shall try it on. If I fail, Lady Gray."
>
> "But you will not. I shall not permit you to libel my advice in that way. Follow instructions to the letter and your hand and arm will be sung in song and told in story by the time you are as old as I am."
>
> At which the young lady boarder went off laughing gleefully.
>
> Pussy's Long Trip Alone.
>
> From the Yorkshire Post.
>
> In August a Liverpool resident proceeding to Bombay took out with him a cet, which he intended to present to a friend in India. Some days after the arrival of the steamer in Bombay pussy was missed and though she was searched for high and low she was nowhere to searched for high and low she was nowhere to searched for high and low she was nowhere to searched for high and low she was nowhere to searched for high and low she was nowhere to searched for high and low she was nowhere to searched for high and low she was nowhere to searched for high and low she was nowhere to searched for high and low she was nowhere to the letter state to other than how a searched for high and low she was nowhere to searched for high and low she was nowhere to searched for high and low she was nowhere to the letter state to the strain of people, but estimable people are horid, the simply unbearable. They were ande to be respected, not loved; monitors, not companies. They were calcal mank on the lowed for high and low she was nowhere to state of peo

Relatively Speaking.

From Texas Siftings.
"Unqle John is coming tomorrow. Where in the world shall we put him? I guess I'll give him the blue room." "Oh, no, run him into the red room," me-

WOMAN'S WORDS TO WOMEN.

Certainly the Most Unusual That Ever Were Penned.

MRS. RENDERSON OF PORT CHESTER She Graphically Tells of Her Troubles, Hee Struggles and Her Triumphs.

One of the most wonderful letters ever written is that which follows. Any one who reads it is certain to be absorbingly interested. It is from "I am a woman and I wish to speak from and freely to women. There are thousands of young girls, middle aged and even elderly ladies today in the greatest danger and they do not know it. They are standing upon the brink of a preci-pice and do not realize it. It is in the hope that

the wonderful experience through which I have passed may be a blessing and a warning to them "About two years ago it being the 'change of life' with me, I was treated by three of the best physicians in this place. At first I was treated for bronchit's, growing worse all the time, coughing ings of the girl of the period are freely discussed, the man of to-



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"You should not speak so disrespectfully of Uncle John. I am sure he is very—"
"Bish." prompted the incorrigible price.